
Title: a note

Author:

Be sure to cover thy
tracks well this time.
I do not wish to clean
up a mess again like
you got us into last
time. For the life of
me I do not know why
I don't slit thy throat
and be done with you.
Vacate and destroy all
evidence of our
existence at the three
outposts. Knowing
that thou art stinking
of rum and more than
likely cannot walk
straight any farther
than ye can throw
thyself I will once
again remind thee
where the outpost are
located.

"In the Skara Brae
farmlands"

"North of Vesper close
to where the three
rivers converge"

"Near of the dungeon
Wrong"

Do not forget to destroy
this message you lousy
sack.

I will not tolerate... *
the smell of smoke and
the black soot mar
the remaining pages
of text.*

The only
word you can make
out is "tavern".